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the

YELLOWSTONE
BUILDER

editorial . . .

WHISPERS.

God, should I raise my voice and shout
With all the rest of the wrangling crowd?
. Perhaps if I tried hard enough
I could make myself heard,
At least to the fellow next to me.

.
You know, God, sometimes I think
That shouting is such a foolish thing;
That everything I have to say
Would be lost in the din and noise,
Where differences of opinion appear so important
And matter so little after all.
. Perhaps it's the way I was taught
That makes me choose the less noisy way
When the whole world seems against me,
And even those who say, 'You're on our side'.

.
Don't you think, God, that perhaps,
Though some write lengthy books and treatises,
And some think strikes and fastings are best used
To preach their sermons on 'World Peace',
That maybe . . . a WHISPER would be more powerful,
Though maybe not quite so spectacular.

.
To this end let me ever strive. . . . Amen

---- Edward Friesen

THE YELLOWSTONE BUILDER

Persons contributing this month:

Advisor and business mgr.--Vernon Rocke

Ruth Wedel	Elmer Wall
Rufus Baehr	Harvey Eby
Walter Klassen	Delbert Ballard
Herman Gingerich	Vernon Vogt
Willard Unruh	Ralph Beechy
Eldon Whitesitt	Richard Mohler
Jonas Yordy	Bill Swartzendruber

. ; . . .

EDITOR
Edward Friesen

COVER DESIGN
Stanley Regier

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here and there

FALL MIXER

The program of social activities for the fellows this fall began with the Fall Mixer. The Mixer was held in the recreation hall on the evening of Oct. 9, with the effect that the fellows want more like it. Zumwinkle has since firmly resolved to continue his college education at his earliest convenience, and expects to specialize in plane and cubic measures.

The evening was opened by Dale Stucky, acting as toastmaster for the evening. The two camp quartets and Mrs. Dale Stucky furnished the music, and Herman Gingerich gave a Pennsylvania Dutch reading that fairly raised the roof. Only the Dutchmen could understand enough to know when to laugh, but the humor was so contagious that all the rest laughed quite as much.

The main feature of the evening was a mental baseball game that revealed many things including Zumwinkle's special aptitude in measurements. Following the baseball game refreshments were served from the camp exchange. Here is wishing the social committee a few more ideas, if that is what it takes.

THE SPIKE CAMP

The spike camp located at farm unit No. 62 is about twenty five miles east of Camp Terry. There have been just three of us there during the last few weeks, though there have been more men previously. The three fellows at present are Dallas Rediger, Trenis Kanagy, and Delbert Ballard.

Dallas Rediger is known to the farmers with whom he gets acquainted as the "ditch rider". He turns the water from the canals into the farms when the farmers want water for their beets, potatoes, beans, corn, alfalfa or clover.

Trenis Kanagy has been hauling gravel. This last week Trenis has been plowing with a one way disk plow.

Then there is Delbert Ballard, better known as "Kentucky" who is the really important one of the crew. He is

the one that cooks the potatoes, fries the meat, makes the pancakes and other things.

We work ten hours a day six days a week, and this last week two of us helped three other fellows grade five hundred, one hundred-pound sacks of potatoes in four days, for the Farm Association.

—Delbert Ballard

WORK CHANGES

During the past months the campers here have been divided into three groups, in their project work. Thirty percent of the men worked with the Bureau of Reclamation and the rest were divided between the Farm Security Administration and the Buffalo Rapids Farm Association.

The task of the Bureau of Reclamation is to build pumping plants, dig the main canals and laterals and put in the major structures, such as siphons and turn outs. This work is followed up by the F.S.A. and Farm Association who level the land, erect buildings and install minor wood structures in the canal system. When they are finished everything is ready for the farmer to take over.

However, beginning the week of September 12 the F.S.A. headquarters at Denver requested that before the coming season, as much land as possible should be in production. Since the crews working for the Bureau of Reclamation were ahead with their work, it was advisable that these men be transferred to the F.S.A. in order to speed up the program of preparing the ground for next spring as long as the weather would permit. This change is only temporary till the bad weather sets in, when the men will return to their original jobs. —Harvey Eby

RUG CHAMPION

Since the opening of Camp Terry on January 15, approximately 375 rugs have been made by the fellows in camp. A number of fellows have nearly twenty to their credit, but Eli Weaver takes top honors having made 37 and is at the present working on number 38. We are wondering what this means, Eli? Anything?

our visitors

WILLIS RICH VISITS CAMP

Willis Rich, public relations director of Bethel College, located in North Newton, Kansas, visited our camp, October 1 and 2. He was visiting churches in this vicinity, and though his itinerary did not originally include our camp, he found a few days to share with us, for which we are very grateful.

On Friday evening of Oct. 1 Willis showed slides, some of the other camps but mostly of the Bethel College campus, faculty and student body. With these slides he gave us various bits of information concerning the history and present activities of Bethel College.

Saturday evening we met with him in the chapel to listen to an address entitled, "Christian Citizenship" based on Romans 12. With these verses he also presented qualities such as honesty, simplicity, temperance and others by which Mennonites were known in the past but which at the present time we are in danger of losing.

Willis also led our thinking in our morning devotions on Saturday and Sunday mornings. He challenged us to live a more thoroughly Christian life and to fasten our eyes upon the highest goals.

We appreciate visits of this type by the men from our colleges and wish to extend a sincere invitation to others who can find it possible to visit and fellowship with us. -- Willard Unruh

VISITORS FROM LUSTER

Rev. Elmer Dick, pastor of the Mennonite church at Luster, was with us for Sunday October 11 and brought both the morning and evening messages which were enjoyed by the campers. Rev. Dick also brought with him his wife, Mr. Kliever who is Mrs. Dick's father, and Richard Olfort. We want to express our appreciation to the church at Luster for the interest they continue to show in us and for the contributions they have made to the camp. --E.H.F.

DR. ELIOT SPEAKS HERE

Calling upon his experiences with the Friends Service Committee during the last war, and those of his recent trips through Europe, Dr. Errol Eliot, President of William Penn College gave two very inspiring lectures on the evenings of October 18 and 19, to the fellows here. He painted in graphic style a word picture of the 'War Parade' with its suffering and loss. Then he held up against that sight the challenge of living lives of meekness and love. He urged us to think more deeply about the philosophy of the stand we are taking, and helped us to see beyond the monotony of camp life to the opportunity of witnessing of Christ's way of love. --

In Dr. Eliot's second talk he emphasized the necessity of the pacifist groups being ready to voice their ideas because, he said that we have a vantage point that other groups do not have. He stressed the necessity for equality of the nations if we expect to preserve the high standard of living we now have.

-- Eldon Whitesitt

A DAD

The camp enjoyed the visit of Aaron Lehman from Kedron, Ohio, who is the father of Vernon Lehman, a camper here. Besides making himself one of the fellows while he was with us, he related some of his experiences of the last war at a meeting held on the evening of October 18. The campers also won't forget those apples he brought with him. They were delicious. --E.H.F.

Crazy things have happened, but listen to this. Daniel Glick had almost arrived home hoping to surprise his folks after his sudden release, when his brother Levi decided to surprise Dan here in Terry. We wonder who was the most surprised. Daniel is from Indiana.

of christian joy...

by Ralph Beechy

"That your joy might be full. . . ." (John 15:11) is the thought I want to share with you. I am sure that should there be some device whereby this wish could be measured, it truly would rank among the highest.

I am reminded of an incident that took place very recently. Helen Keller, blind and deaf since the age of nineteen months, was speaking to a capacity audience in New York City. During the question and answer period after her lecture, she was asked, "If you could have granted one wish tonight, what would that wish be?" Place yourself in her position, remembering that she was blind, deaf, and read only by the Braille system. You and I are enjoying the privileges of sight hearing, communication, protection and many others. What would be your wish? Was it to speak fluently, or to have hearing ears, or was it for seeing eyes after so long a night of darkness. It was none of these. The answer came clearly and distinctly--"If I could have granted but one wish, I would ask that we might have world peace." ----- To me she typifies her Saviour; the joy of her Saviour had penetrated her soul to the extent that she could not ask for things pertaining to herself but only for others. Will we permit that joy to penetrate into our lives too? It would appear that it is worth cultivating.

"In that hour Jesus rejoiced in Spirit and said, I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth. . . ." How clearly this exemplifies Christ, the Saviour, regarding it a privilege to rejoice, which sets an example for us.. Truly great privileges also embrace great responsibilities.

A certain person was riding in a bus crowded with women and children one day, when suddenly there was an accident. Women and children bruised and cut by flying glass became panicky. The driver took charge of everybody and everything at once, helping the injured, patrolling spectators, sending someone to telephone for the ambulance, keeping calm under the unjust abuse of the truck driver who had run into him. After the ambulance had come and taken the injured away, the driver got back into his seat, wiped the blood off his eyebrow, and started to finish his run with his battered bus. Said the person next to him, "I'm going to report you!" He was a bit surprised of course, but the gentleman next to him continued "I'll tell your company that you are the best man on the job." Just as it was the privilege of this person to exalt the life of the cautious driver, how much more should we count it our privilege and responsibility to exalt the name of Him whose love has filled our lives with joy, to those about us.

Thus, since it is our privilege to live in America, to worship our God and our Maker, to be challenged by a rich heritage such as you and I enjoy, and that you and I, coming from different communities with different beliefs, may live together as common men, rather than to live temporarily in fox holes, under the tension of you-get-the-other-fellow-or-he'll-get-you, and with very little assurance of the future other than that of a make believe-world. Truly it is a great privilege. Do you and I share it without being aware of the responsibilities it entails?

But as we live here together and make plans to go back to our former pursuits of life, we are compelled to state our faith in words that had their origin in Western Europe some nine hundred years ago, namely, "God wills it ". It seems we can only accept this providing we have definitely in mind to go back, and are planning to do so with a resolve that "I shall be of greater service to my Church, my God, my government, and my community in return for the privileges extended to me, and that I firmly believe it to be the only way of life."

-----from the meditations given Sunday Morning Oct. 10.

Oh yes, this fellow has forgotten to make his bed, shoes all over the floor, overalls beside the bed and pop bottles scattered in among the shoes. He must have over-slept because he usually does an excellent job in keeping his bunk neat.

let you in on a secret. What are waste baskets for and are they being used? Your answer is as good as mine.

One is amazed to see the wide variety of articles which accumulate around bunks. Fishing reels, phonographs, radios, game weapons, skates and tennis shoes dangling from the rafters, and various types of books ranging from Poet's works to some books on Theo the 'Great Philosopher'.

Our graph goes up to 100% but no Dorm has ever reached that point yet. They have lots of room for improvement, although some of the fellows have manifest in a splendid way what their home training has consisted of. They have proven the fact that men can be good housekeepers. So you see girls. . . .

A diagram illustrating a sequence of steps or components. It consists of a horizontal row of eleven circles. The first circle on the left contains a small cross-like symbol. Each subsequent circle is connected to the previous one by a horizontal arrow pointing to the right.

HOW ABOUT THIS?

'It is strikingly clear to me that we pacifists are the last who should expect to go home again. To go home, I mean, in the sense of taking up where we left off; of accepting the idea of home as a shelter; of allowing home to mean the moldering of the spirit. To do this would be an act of high treason to our faith. It would beyond doubt heap upon our heads greater condemnation than the other way of life, difficult as this other way may be.'

---George Cole in Sage O'Pinon

Our Garden...

by Elmer Wall

About ten miles northeast of Camp Terry along the Yellowstone River is a small ten acre plot of ground which has served this camp as a garden. Wonderful results have come from this plot this summer. Early last spring plans and preparations were made for a complete line of vegetables and fruits. Hot beds were used to start about one thousand tomato plants and about one thousand four-hundred cabbage plants. The work of planting the garden was up to two men, Harry Gascho and Glen Graber, who also cultivated and cared for it most of the time, with the aid of other men who helped them some of the days.

Almost every night for the last two months they brought in the fresh vegetables. This was all unloaded at the kitchen back door, and from there I had the job of weighing it and transporting it to the basement. Over a ton of vegetables a day were frequently brought in from the garden. The biggest day was Saturday, September eighteenth, when ten men under the foremanship of Harry Gascho, picked up five hundred and nine bushels of potatoes. A new potato digger was rented from a neighboring farmer to do the digging. These potatoes were then hauled to camp in trucks by Robert Schmidt, Raymond Buller and Harry Gascho. A chute was built and the potatoes were rolled down into the new root-cellar located just behind the kitchen.

The preparation of the vegetables was faithfully done by Nate Miller and Eli Weaver. They spent many hours washing, sorting and peeling. When the sweet corn was ready for eating two of our laundry boys, Andy Raber and John Yoder helped husk and clean the corn. The help of the regular kitchen crew consisting of Elon Esch, Harold Graber, Edward Boese, Lawrence Greaser, Herb. Preheim, Willard Schrag, Arlo Jwy, Dick Tschetter, Jonas Yordy, and Mrs. Beechy was invaluable. During the busy days this crew frequently worked fourteen hours a day.

Due to the short growing season the tomatoes were all picked and brought in from the garden green. Over three tons have been brought in and I have spent many hours laying out these green tomatoes on shelves built for this purpose, and now they are ripening fast. Seven bushels were ripe Monday morning, October the fourth when the whole kitchen force was again busy washing and peeling tomatoes. Up to date we have canned seventeen bushels of tomatoes which is only a small part of what there are still ripening.

Though the canning is not nearly completed yet we already have in our basement a total of one thousand three hundred and three quarts of canned fruits and vegetables from our garden.

Here is the total of everything grown in the garden: -

Potatoes.	34,646 lbs.	Squash.	1,000 lbs.
Corn (2273 doz.) . . .	6,819 lbs.	Lettuce (fresh) . . .	579 lbs.
Tomatoes.	5,447 lbs.	Radishes.	328 lbs.
Cabbage	3,924 lbs.	Cucumbers	306 lbs.
Beets	3,604 lbs.	Green Beans	216 lbs.
Pumpkins.	2,619 lbs.	Onions.	206 lbs.
Grt. Northern Beans. .	2,250 lbs.	Swiss Chard	162 lbs.
Carrots	2,160 lbs.	Head Lettuce.	112 lbs.
Peas.	1,993 lbs.	Spinach	55 lbs.

Due to the shortage of help in this community, many of the campers have been working three and four hours over-time in the evenings, in order to help the farmers harvest their bumper potato crop. The fellows are glad to do it.

Ali Baba and the Thief

A short short story
by a man with a wit.

by
Richard Mohler

J. Mortimer McTwitch, Prexy of a banking firm, relaxed in his favorite plush chair. He was just about to swallow his sixth 'goblie-goozler', his favorite gum drops, when he heard a voice which designated his spouse. In swept his 'cookie' with all the alacrity of a tank, sabled, nose upturned, and trailed by her 'darling-idums-didums' a Pikinese. Being an influential member of the D.A.R. she promised her many relatives positions in the firm, which accounted for the vast number of Vice Presidents, though her main function seemed to be that of giving funds to her pet charity, a home for decrepit hod carriers. She gave her husband a commandeering glance and said, "Darling, I saw the divinest man today, he accosted me on the street and said 'Lovely Lady, (sigh), when first I saw you I was overwhelmed by the devastating radiance of your loveliness, I am madame, completely yours to beckon. Incidentally, exquisite creature, I should like to meet such a fortunate man as your husband'. He is in the outer office now, his name is P. Botsworthy Jones".

There was a furore in the general direction of the McTwitch battery of secretaries, and in walked a pompous gentleman with spats and cane. He paced to the desk and with a low bow to Mrs. McTwitch, turned to McTwitch and said, "My good man, do you realize how fortunate a man you are to have so fair a lady as a wife. I must admit my humble praise of her divine presence is only too inadequate, and you, my good fellow, are a man of honor, integrity, and success."

McTwitch couldn't resist his time worn adage, "Yes, I am a self-made man, started as a janitor in '19 and worked my way up; my motto has always been, NEVER WASTE AN HONEST PENNY, and today, I can say I am fairly well set financially".

"Your modesty, McTwitch, only emphasizes your true greatness. I too am a man of business. I have been selling stock in a - - - - but that is almost settled now, hmmm, I wonder which of the two I should sell to J. P. Morgan, or Astorbilt, both insist on 95% ownership. Hmmm, McTwitch, you impress me as a man of decision, what would you suggest?"

McTwitch gave him a speculative glance and remarked, "Did you say Astorbilt and Morgan?"

"Yes, they were each very insistent on buying the stock and I can't decide which of the two to sell to."

"Could I buy any of the stock, possibly?" queried McTwitch.

"No, I'm afraid not. hmmm perhaps I have been too hard on you, my man. I will see the one selected and perhaps they will give you a few shares. Perhaps \$100,000. worth. Here is a check now; if you will sign right here, I will see what can be done."

"Thanks. Oh, incidentally, what is the new firm I have just bought stock in going to manufacture?"

"Dripless tooth brushes, a new ingenious gadget invented by a renowned scientist. The ads will proclaim "Are you bothered by Driposis". We will literally make millions, people will storm the retailers, I can see it all now..."

"And can you see a little room with iron bars, a bunk, a striped uniform, and a lovely view over the rock pile," said a disrespectful voice, and in walked two officers. (continued on page 9)

Tsu ni friend Jacob,

Ve bisht du bi de tseit? Mir sin all g'sund doh, als ve paar fun de boova hen bauchveh. Ich denk tsu feel g'essa oder ebbes. Mir grega immer blenda tsu essa doh, oder ich du anihow. Mir hen finf hunert un aen un ninzig bushel grumbara frigt fun unser patch. Now kenna mir grumbara fressa us es an ort hot. Mir hen aw arbsa bis an de shlu un velshkon be de galor.

Es vetter doh is tsimlich keel morgets ovver vart als varm deich der dog. Es is aw ardich drucks doh adder veil. Vons net glei regert fergess ich ve dreck googt. Doh hen mir tswa monat summer, sex monat kalt vedder un die ivverich tseit is vinder.

Mi arveit aderveil is helfa ein sement pipe mocha for vasser deich bumba fun rever bis in der irregashun ditch. Dale fun de andra sin am dea lant eava mocha und andra sin am structur nei du fa des vasser massa, und's nous uff's lant draya. De vons voh des lant eava mocha uas grosa tractors un skrapers. Des lant doh is ardich hivulich un stanich un foll gravea un foll robbel shlanga un umensa.

Des camp leavea is net so schlimm ve dale manea. Mir hen als dale tseit ein vunderbara tseit in unser dorn von der Paul Martin un der Ralph Boese awfanga der asel ackta. Se sin rechta clowns von se g'start vara un der Millard Wright is net veit hina noch. Der Ivan Bender schloft uff de aint side fun mir un der Herbert Dalke uf de anner. Der Herb hut g'studied for em bred-dicher sei. Ivver de eil fun mir is der Raymond Stucky un er is en rechter dicksock. Mavich in is der Clarence Schrag un dale fun de boova haesa ihn der pop.

Was shoffst du als? Melksht addlich key? Hosht aw feel sei un shoaf? Goyst oft de mait saena? Sin noch anicha ivverich for mich? Sawg ennea ich dank noch dale moles an se.

Well ich besser har uff un gae ins bet.

Dei friend in Montana

Herman Gingerich

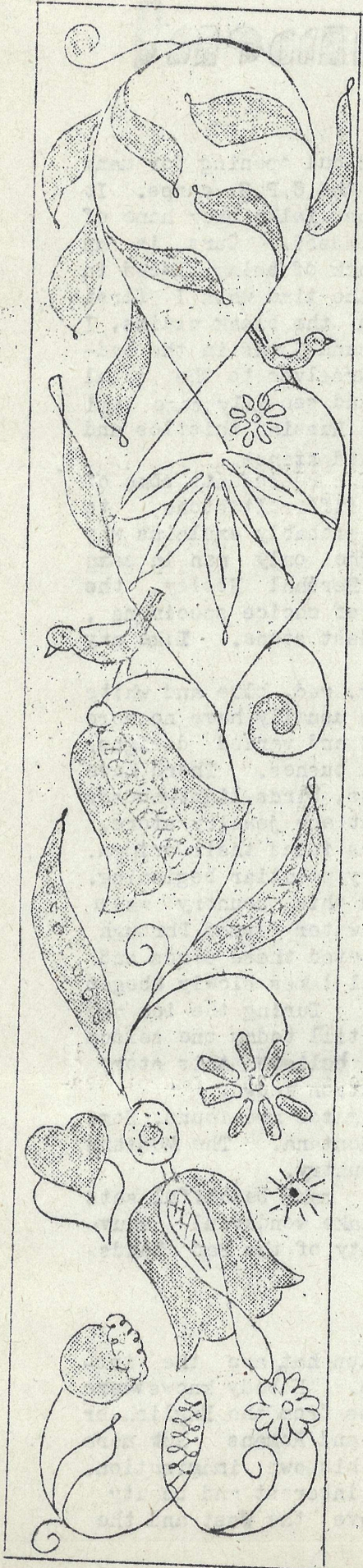
Editors-Note: That is excellent Herman, we want to hear more from you Amish boys.

ALI BABA AND THE THIEF-continued from page 8

After Jones' unsavory protestations had faded away, McTwitch turned to his wife and said, "Do you realize that you almost lost me \$100,000..."

"Oh well, dear," daid his wife, "you would have had to spend it anyhow, I just bought ten fur coats, a Cadillac Fleetwood for myself, and a new summer house for us, I'm sure you'll love it dear."

.....
The End



our arid environment

by Rufus Bachr

"Tucked away in the beautiful mountains of..." is a typical opening for many an article on the scenic beauty of the location of many of the C.P.S. camps. It seems that every C.P.S. camp is all too eager to impress the folks back home of the great beauty of their location, which is very natural indeed. Ours is an interesting exception here at Terry, for we have the ill luck of being placed in one of the most desolate parts of the country. I recall the time when I first entered Camp Terry. At the sight of the barren hills and the bleak plains, I thought sure I was entering Death Valley. Upon inquiry I found I was in the badlands instead. Many of us have found it hard to adjust ourselves to the total lack of trees. One can view the broad expanse for miles and see only sage and a few scrubby trees. For a lawn we content ourselves with Russian thistles and weeds, both of which are plentiful, and lots of strange round stones.

Among our abundance of rocks there is one rock which represents some of the hidden beauty. It is called the agate. One finds it a difficult stone to locate when camouflaged among all the common rocks. That probably explains why most of the boys find their agates behind plate glass. The only man in camp who has mastered this art of agate hunting is our friend Hershall Hooley, the Agate King. I dare say he has close to One Hundred pounds of choice specimens. According to Hershall, the agate is considered our third hardest stone. Like any hard stone it is clear and transparent.

The strange thing about the agate is its color. Black, red, blue and white are the four colors which are generally found. Most stones usually have no more than two colors in them. These colors form many different and varied designs. Some of the most common are spots, ribbons, moss, and small bushes. There have been agates found that contain designs resembling sail boats, birds, light-houses and many other familiar objects. They find a ready market at any jewelry store.

Many people have wondered how these beautiful stones found their origin. According to the old-timers around here, the agate had a very peculiar beginning. They tell me that thousands and thousands of years ago when this country was a steaming field of volcanoes there were many small bodies of water formed. Through some unknown process many different colored chemicals permeated these ponds and created many beautiful designs. As time passed these small lakes slowly began to harden until after many centuries they became petrified. During the ice age these petrified ponds were broken up into many small rocks till today one seldom finds any agates weighing over five pounds. Some people believe this story is just a legend, but others claim it is the best explanation known.

There are very few places in the United States where agates are found. Some agate fields are located in California, the Dakotas and Montana. The Montana agates are said to be the best and most beautiful in the country.

Jewelry is the chief commercial use of agates. They make beautiful sets for rings, tie clasps, broaches, bracelets, and they also make wonderful souvenirs for fellows who wish to take some of the hidden beauty of the Bad Lands back home with them.

THE COVER DESIGN

Quite as typical of the West as the cowboy and his ten gallon hat are the intricate floral designs he has carved on his boots and saddle. Nobody knows where the cowboy got his ideas for these fanciful motives. Perhaps from the English, or the Spanish, or the Indians, or even from the classic Greeks and Romans. But more likely than any of these, they are probably the product of his own imagination. Stanley has tried to portray on our cover something of the interest and beauty that these designs hold for everyone who has learned to love the West and the people who live here.

YXOXIXOXIXOXIXOXIXOXIXOXIXOXIXO

ATHLETIC SLUMP

--Willard Swartzendruber

THE CHANGING SCENE

During the past month there have been quite a few changes made in our camp picture. New men have come and others have left.

Albert J. Derkson comes to us from Mt. Lake, Minnesota where he had a job as janitor and yard man with a hospital in his home town. He is affiliated with the Evangelical Mennonite Brethern Church. His wife came to Terry with him and is now working in town.

Bernard Nickel also comes from Mt. Lake, Minnesota and is a member of the General Conference of Mennonites. He worked on a turkey farm previous to coming to camp. What are the chances for Thanksgiving, Bernard?

Novalis Toews comes to us as the youngest fellow in camp. He was eighteen just last January, and was doing general farmwork when Uncle Sam caught up with him. He too is of the General Conference of Mennonites and is from Mt. Lake, Minn.

George Christner, a Conservative Mennonite, comes from the farm near Iowa City, Iowa, where he worked previous to being called by the Government.

David Smith is one of the two Methodist fellows to arrive in this last group. He is from Rupert, Idaho, and has been serving as minister for a church during the past summer. Already David has contributed to the religious life in camp. More power to you, we're expecting a lot more.

Donald Isaac, also comes to us from Mt. Lake, and is a member of the General

Conference of Mennonites. Donald's home was originally in India where his parents were missionaries.

Eldon Whitesitt, Methodist, and also preparing for the ministry. He comes to camp after finishing his fourth year of college. Eldon had done quite a bit of student pastor work during his schooling and following his graduation.

Eugene Boss, from Chinook, Montana is the last man to be added to our camp. Eugene had been working in a warehouse before coming to camp. He also belongs to that rather distinctive set of fellows commonly known as the 'Married Men'.

Francis Lowe, of Minneapolis, and a member of the Church of God, comes to camp directly from college in Anderson, Indiana, where he had just completed his Sophomore year.

We are sorry to lose seven of our men this month. John Gingerich was transferred to Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, where he will work on a dairy farm. Best of luck, John in your new field of service.

The following men were discharged because of physical disability. Daniel Glick, Joe Hofer, Doland Unruh, Sherman Schrock, Orville Stutzman, and Loraine Stahl. We are glad for those who get to go home, but it also inspires us to continue our services here. -V. Vogt

Editor's note: - Just think fellows, how much ice-cream that means.

It is a wise saying, and worthy of note, that a wise man sometimes changes his mind, but a fool never does.

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Terry Montana



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